him to our ſiſter, whoſe minde & mine I know in that are one, not to be ouer-rulde; idle olde man that ſtill would manage thoſe authorities that he hath giuen away, now by my life olde fooles are babes againe, and muſt be vſed with checkes as flatteries, when they are ſeene abus'd, remember what I tell you.

Gent. Very well, Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights haue colder lookes among you, what growes of it no matter, aduiſe your fellowes ſo, I would breed from hence occaſions, and I ſhall, that I may ſpeake, Ile write ſtraight to my ſiſter to hold my very courſe; goe prepare for dinner. *Exit.*

Enter Kent.

Ken. If but as well I other accents borrow, that can my ſpeech defuſe, my good intent may carry through it ſelfe to that ful iſſue for which I raizd my likeneſſe; now baniſht *Kent*, if thou canſt ſerue where thou doſt ſtand condemn'd, thy maſter whom thou loueſt, ſhall finde the full of labour.

Enter Lear.

Lear. Let me not ſtay a iot for dinner, goe get it ready: how now, what art thou?

Kent. A man ſir.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſſe? what wouldſt thou with vs?

Kent. I doe profeſſe to bee no leſſe then I ſeeme, to ſerue him truely that wil put me in truſt, to loue him that is honeſt, to conuerſe with him that is wiſe and ſaies little, to feare iudgement, to fight when I cannot chuſe, and to eate no fiſh.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honeſt hearted fellow, and as poore as the King.

Lear. If thou be as poore for a ſubiect, as he is for a king, thou art poore enough, what wouldſt thou?

Kent. Seruice. *Lear.* Who wouldſt thou ſerue?

Kent. You. *Lear.* Doſt thou know me fellow?

Kent. No ſir, but you haue that in your countenance, which I would faine call Maſter.

Lear. What's that? *Kent.* Authority.

Lear. What ſeruices canſt thou do?

Kent. I can keepe honeſt counſaile, ride, run, marre a curious tale

tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine meſſage bluntly, that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the beſt of me, is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo young to loue a woman for ſinging, nor ſo old to dote on her for any thing, I haue yeares on my backe forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou ſhalt ſerue me, if I like thee no worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet; dinner ho, dinner, where's my knaue, my foole, goe you and call my foole hether, you ſirra, where's my daughter?

Enter Steward.

Steward. So pleaſe you———

Lear. What ſaies the fellow there? call the clat-pole backe, where's my foole? ho, I thinke the world's aſleepe, how now, where's that mungrell?

Kent. He ſaies my Lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the ſlaue backe to me when I call'd him?

Seruant. Sir, he anſwered me in the roundeſt mannner, hee would not.

Lear. He would not?

Seruant. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my iudgement, your Highneſſe is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont, there's a great abatement appeares as well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himſelfe alſo, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha, ſaiſt thou ſo?

Seruant. I beſeech you pardon me my Lord, if I be miſtaken, for my duty cannot be ſilent, when I thinke your Highneſſe is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remembreſt me of mine owne conception, I haue perceiued a moſt faint neglect of late, which I haue rather blamed as mine owne iealous curioſity, then as a very pretence and purport of vnkindnes; I will look further into it, but wher's this foole? I haue not ſeene him this two daies.

Seruant. Since my young Ladies going into *France* ſir, the foole hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I haue noted it, goe you and tell my

 daughter